

ADDITIONAL POEMS

By THOMAS OSTENSON STINE

(Author of Heaven on Earth and Other Poems, Etc.)



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PIGOTT PRINTING CONCERN

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ADDITIONAL POEMS

Since the publication of the "Second Edition Enlarged" of my book, "Heaven On Earth and Other Poems," I have written the following: "The Voice of Seabeck," "The Angel of Love," "The Lily to the Rose," "There Are," "Christ in Bloom," "Divine Beauty," and "The Budding Denny."

THOMAS OSTENSON STINE.

THE BUDDING DENNY

High above the city with enchanting slopes of
green,

We hail thee as Denny, pride and honor of
the Queen.

We hail thee with shrubs and blooms and frag-
rance sweet and rare,

And with maples, firs and pines and lilies pure
and fair.

We hail thee with cedars grand and roses red
and white;

And with balmy courts and breezes, and a sky
serene and bright.

We hail thee with budding verdure ever to im-
part,

And with beauty blushing, which divinely
moves the heart.

We hail thee because of early struggles, fond
and dear,

When the shaping of the city sought the
pioneer.

And to thee, O pioneer! we sing a happy lay,
With unfolding love to blaze the pioneering
way.

And again to thee, sweet Denny Park above the
sea,

Where the blooms enchant, divine and move us
into glee.

THERE ARE

There are hearts that are cold, there are hearts
that are weary;

There are hearts that are warm, there are
hearts that are cheery.

There are souls in their bloom, there are souls
in decaying;

There are smiles, there are tears that are often
betraying.

There are men with a grit who are strong and
inspiring;

There are men with a doubt who are often in-
quiring;

There are men who are true with a radiance
beaming;

There are men who are false with conspicuous
gleaming.

There are men with a spirit which fills us
divinely;

There are men with a purpose which moves us
supinely;

There are men with the sunbeams in radiant
glory;

There are men with the moonbeams reflecting
in story.

There are men who are good, but so silent in
action;

There are men who are bad with a boastful at-
traction;

There are women with pomp of a mystical
beauty;

There are women like angels devoted to duty.

There are women with gossip and chatter and
prattle;

There are women with mischief and clatter and
rattle;

There are women with sunbeams and musical
sweetness;

There are women artistic and gracious in neat-
ness.

There are women and men with a stately at-
traction;

There are women and men with their blooms of
affection;

There are women and men with sublimity
looming;

There are women and men with divinity bloom-
ing.

CHRIST IN BLOOM

I walked into the garden,
Where roses sweetly grow,
Where silver throats are spilling
Their songs on blooms of snow.

Below the snowballs looming,
The lilies pure, serene,
Are budding out their beauty
In clusters on the green.

And from their laughing petals
The thoughts of love outpour,
And on the balmy breezes
The honey makers soar.

And on the green serenely
The honey-suckles loom,
And daffodils in gaudy verdure
In cozy places bloom.

There is a touch of sweetness
And balmy is the air,
Where blossoms of affection
Are budding ever fair.

And in this gentle musing
With blooms upon the green
We turn to sweeter pleasure
With happiness serene.

This sweeter pleasure prompts us
With Christ in action free,
And in the fragrant blossoms
His glory we can see.

THE LILY TO THE ROSE

The sun outpoured his beams effulgent,
And yonder snow peaks burst in bloom,
And stars were hanging cords of silver
Across the blue to light and loom.

The dewdrops on the rose and lily,
Like pearls and diamonds set in green,
Were kissed away with sunbeams leaping
Adown the blue with joy serene.

And from their sleep the rose and lily
In silent beauty sweetly came,
And saw the landscape, bright and fragrant,
With wildwoods and the sea in flame.

And with the rising sun in heaven,
The lily whispered to the rose,

As sunbeams played around her petals,
And touched her graces in repose.

The lily laughed with lips of whiteness,
Her soul was sweet with purity,
And saw the landscape in its beauty,
With joy and gladness full and free.

She had no sadness in her longing,
But love divine serenely bloomed,
And winked and nodded with complacence,
As sunbeams played and brightly loomed.

The lily told of beauty joyous,
And service with a pleasing nod,
And how the folks with happy motives
Had sought her with the grace of God.

And joyfully with sweet aroma

She laughed and blushed devoid of care,
And children in their playful doings

With gladness plucked her blooms so fair.

And as the lily spake of beauty

And purity from God above,
The rose with briers set divinely
Unfolded gently blooms of love.

“I truly love your tender whiteness.”

The rose outpoured with sweetness rare,
And in her graceful beauty wafted
Her fragrance to the breezes fair.

“My blooms and briers have a purpose,”
The rose with grace serenely spake,
“But thorns are set in sweetest blossoms
As sentinels to guard and wake.”

“The lily is a tender beauty,
And oft I hailed her in the lea,”
The rose with fragrance in her accents
Revealed in salutation free.

And sweetly in the heart of nature,
The lily and the rose serene,
In chorus sang with notes of verdure,
And blooms of love in meadows green.

THE VOICE OF SEABECK

Beyond the Cascades by the ocean,
A fascinating spot I know,
Where waves are rolling up their diamonds,
And mountains loom with peaks of snow.

The rising sun with gold and silver,
Ascends sublimely in the blue,
And paints the mountains, vales and waters,
With solar rays of rainbow hue.

The snowy peaks above the wildwoods
Outpour their cooling flames of fire,
And on the billows of the ocean
The sea maid plays her mellow lyre.

And when the even comes with dewdrops,
We see a flood of melted gold

In westland, where the sun departed,
With diamond swords and pearls untold.

And all along the laughing seashore
The firs and maples lay their shades
Upon the banks of smiling verdure
To soothe the leafy courts and glades.

The God of Nature in his wisdom
Did mould and fashion to his will
This beauty place, sublime and charming,
With thoughts of love evolving still.

And in this place of joy and beauty,
The folks from all around appear
To fill their souls with sweet aroma,
Or bask in sunshine, bright and clear.

With joy and song they come delighted,
And far and wide the echo rings,
To join with friends in gospel doings
Beneath the soothing maple wings.

The love of God serenely blooming
Is thrilling sweetly in their song,
And with an aim to lift divinely
They hither come to help along.

And Seabeck with her fragrant bowers,
And greetings ever pure and sweet,
Is calling in a voice of gladness
To make our lives in God complete.

THE ANGEL OF LOVE

There is a sweet and pure delight,
The stars above are burning
To light the dark and gloomy night
With joy divine returning.

There is a higher hope and aim,
The love of life ensuing,
The love divine in loud proclaim
With service in the doing.

And as we seek to do and dare,
To serve our fellow being,
To bear the burden and to share
With Christ divinely seeing.

Our hearts must melt with flames of love,
There is no other doing,
To lift mankind to realms above,
With glory there ensuing.

DIVINE BEAUTY

There is a beauty blooming,
The love of God divine,
The love of Christ with fragrance,
And blossoms truly mine.

I pick the rose of crimson
And press it to my lips,
And fragrance set in motion
My soul delighted sips.

I turn to God in Heaven,
The angels smile and sing,
And Christ in beauty blooming
Does joy and comfort bring.

His flowing crimson streamlets
Are trickling through the rose,
And in the daisies sweetly budding
The flow divinely grows.

There is a joy unfolding,
The joy of God above.
Which moves with hope and sweetness
In harmony with love.

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